

END OF A LONG LIFE.

Mr. John N. Murrell, One of the Best Known Men in Adair County, Crosses the Divide.

MANY FRIENDS TAKE THE LAST LOOK.

Saturday afternoon at 6:30 o'clock the earthly pilgrimage of Mr. John N. Murrell peacefully ended at his country home, near Columbia. The deceased was the first born of Nathan and Margaret Murrell, his whole life being spent near this place, and when the final dissolution came he lacked only five days of being eighty-one years old, having been born the 4th of April, 1831, his death occurring March 30, 1912.

He is survived by his only daughter, Mrs. C. S. Harris, ten grandchildren and a number of relatives, his wife having died about twelve years ago. His passing removed the last member of his parents family, a sister, Mrs. Kate Smith, having died about four weeks ago.

The deceased was a man of strong character, and was universally known as a man who was positive in his declarations. In other words he was not a chattering. He read much in order to keep up with the times, and he invariably expressed himself on all public questions; and a position once taken was not removed. He stood for what he believed to be right, and was on the side of the godly in each and every instance. He was a constant reader of the Bible and Sacred history, and could quote much Scripture. He was a regular attendant at church, and closely followed the pastor in his discourses—able to relate the main points at the close of each sermon.

When quite a young man he made a profession of his faith in Christ, united with the Presbyterian Church, remaining a zealous and useful member until the end. He loved his Church and he met his obligations to it. He died a ruling Elder, a position he had acceptably filled for many years.

He lived on the farm where he died for more than sixty-five years, and was known throughout the surrounding country as a high-toned gentleman and a very accommodating neighbor, one who will be greatly missed not only by those who were near and dear to him by the ties of blood, but by the entire community.

In testimony of the high esteem in which he was held, hundreds of people assembled at the residence Sunday afternoon to hear Rev. J. R. Crawford, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, pay tribute, reciting the many noble traits of character of this good man.

The deceased was as well known in Columbia as any man who resides in town, and a very large circle of townspeople attended the sad rites. During the afternoon of the burial, it would be a difficult matter to tell the number of person who gave testimony of his Christian character and his great worth to the community. He fought a long and good fight; he finished at the portals, entered in at the straight gate to remain for evermore, and to be ready to welcome those who are to come after him.

His passing brought much general sorrow, and the world was made poorer. Peace to his honorable memory.

At a meeting of the session of the Presbyterian church, held, this the 1st day of April, 1912, the following paper was adopted.

Our brother, John N. Murrell, departed this life at his home near Columbia, Saturday evening, March 30th, 1912.

He came to his grave "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season," being at the time of his death within a few days of eighty-one years old.

He had been a member of this church from his early youth, and for more than forty years had served it as one of the board of elders. He lived a faithful, consistent, consecrated Christian life, and left behind him an honored name, and an example of righteous living, as a citizen, and a church member, worthy of emulation. In view of his life, so simple in its modesty, so pure in its purposes and actions and strong in its faith in God, we can confidently say of him, now he has gone from us:

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Resolved, that realizing our own loss in his death, we tender to his daughter and the other members of his family, our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That this testimonial be spread upon a page of the record book of the session as a memorial of the deceased.

Died in Kansas.

James D. Royle, for more than 20 years one of the best known citizens of this section, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Thos. F. Templeman, at Pratt, Kansas, Tuesday, March 19th, of heart disease following Asthma aged 75 years, 11 months and 2 days.

Mr. Royle was born in Adair county, Kentucky, April 17th, 1836 and the earlier part of his life was spent in that section. It was there that he married and lived until about 25 years ago when he came to Missouri and settled in Carroll county, where he has since been one of our best citizens.

About four years ago, his wife died and since that time he has made his home with his children, spending a part of the time with a son, at Coalgate, Oklahoma, and with his son, H. S. Royle, north of Norborne. Several months ago he went to Pratt, Kansas, to spend the winter with his daughter, Mrs. Dollie Templeman. He had been away from the Templeman home for several days and returned Monday evening between five and six o'clock but Mr. and Mrs. Templeman were not at home. On their return home about 10 o'clock Monday night he was lying on the porch in an unconscious condition. He was carried into the house and put in bed and a physician summoned. However he was past medical aid and died at six o'clock Tuesday morning, having been ill no more than 12 hours.

He is survived by four sons and one daughter, also by a sister, Mrs. Mary Ann Conover and by a brother, Solomon Royle, both of Kentucky.

Mr. Royle was a good citizen, a kind and indulgent father and a devoted husband. He had many friends here who will learn with sincere regret of his death.

The body was brought to Norborne, Thursday, and taken thence to Antioch Church Cemetery where he was laid to rest to await the resurrection.—Norborne, Mo., paper.

Before Supreme Court.

Washington, March 30.—(Special to the Courier-Journal.)—To represent the State of Kentucky in the argument to be made Monday before the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of the Louisville & Nashville railroad against Siler, in which the constitutionality of the McChord act is attacked by the railroad, Attorney General James Garnett and E. W. Hines, of Louisville, arrived in Washington to-day. Mr. Hines, who is a special attorney in this case, will open the argument for the State, and Attorney General Garnett will close. Col. Henry L. Stone, of Louisville, is expected to speak for the railroad.

The case here is an appeal from a decision of the Federal Court of the Frankfort district in which decision the lower court held against the railroad when the railroad sought an injunction to restrain the Kentucky Railroad Commission from enforcing an order reducing the intrastate rates on certain commodities.

Notice Stock Men.

Men of Adair and adjoining counties, I have this spring, one horse, Red Bird, Jr., which is a sure enough Red Bird. He is more like his great sire than any known horse. He surpasses old Red Bird in size, color and model. I will say without fear of being truthfully contradicted, he is the best model horse in Central Kentucky. As to his pedigree, Messrs. Rufus Bailey, Henry Henson, T. T. Tupman and John W. Watson, who know of him, say there are none better in this country. I can refer you to a number of patrons last spring who said that \$100 would not buy their colts when first on their feet. Come and see him and be convinced of a truth.

Solomon McFarland, Cane Valley, Ky.

Improving.

Lebanon, Ky., March, 30 1912. The Adair County News.

For the benefit of the many friends of Mr. Arthur Rupe, I wish to announce through your paper, his improvement. He stood the trip from Breeding to the Hospital at Lebanon well, but had an attack of Peritonitis afterwards, which was very much to his disadvantage, yet now am glad to state, he is rapidly recovering, and I truly hope to send him home soon fully restored to health.

Mrs. Mary P. Jones, Nurse in charge.

Puts End To Bad Habit.

Things never look bright to one with "the blues." Ten to one the trouble is a sluggish liver, filling the system with bilious poison, that Dr. King's New Life Pills would expel. Try them. Let the joy of better feelings end "the blues." Best for stomach, liver and kidneys. 25c. Paull Drug Co.

NOTICE

WE have a full line of Men's Low Cuts and Shoes, the Latest Styles the Factory Affords. Also a full line of Men's and Boys Clothing. A nice line of Ladies Sample Shoes we are selling below wholesale cost. Also a complete line of Misses White Shoes. You will find our line of Trunks and Suit-cases complete. Our prices are as low as the lowest. All Calico 5c per yd. Call on us when in town, you are always welcome.

Patteson & Denney.

Spence Dabney.

During the early part of the eighties there appeared at Albany, Ky., an old man who seemed to have passed his three score and ten. Though bowed with the weight of years, he was still a man of striking appearance, and would have attracted attention in a crowd of several hundred men. Large and well proportioned, with an enormous head that claimed but little trimmings and that around the border. With none of that self-important, big and little U manner. He was mild and modest as a maiden—not loud or vulgar—he possessed that old-fashioned, winning politeness devoid of effort or affectation, like a gray-haired drummer we wot of who passes our way, whose manner captivates on first sight. After the lapse of many years he had returned to the old stamping ground to finish the battle of life where he had begun it nearly half a century before. He had been a journeyman saddler the greater part of his life—had drifted to Cincinnati, where he was one of the first drummers sent out from that city, also filled some minor city office which he afterwards claimed he filled with much dignity and very little ability. He had rented a small room on the South side of the town, and was running a saddlery on a small scale. After hearing that Spence Dabney was in town, I was anxious to see the man of whom I had heard so much—was introduced to him as Tom Jones, the dentist, and of course he had "heard" of me as a skillful tooth carpenter, and knew that I ought to have a spring-seated gentleman's saddle of the kind he was making, and in a persuasive manner gave a lecture on their superior qualities. I had heard and read Dabney's yarns written for the Cincinnati Enquirer by Senator Bradley, and in the Courier Journal by Savoyard, both of whom claimed that Spence Dabney was the finest story teller they had ever known. He remarked that Tom seemed to be a favorite name with the Jones families, to which I replied that my friend, Billy Winfrey said they named all their boys Tom. He then said the first Tom Jones he remembered was an evangelist in the mountains of Tennessee, where he was born, who was a great revivalist. During one of those meetings at an old church, in a sparsely settled part called the wilderness, which Bro. Jones was conducting, a tough citizen called Mose Brown was attending, and one night during the rousings before dismissal a large black snake was thrown in at the window, alighting on some good old sisters who were enjoying an old-fashioned rejoicing, causing some of them to swoon, others cried: "Snakes," while all made a rush for the door, which was barred for the occasion. Lights were extinguished, and they came tumbling over each other through the window. Some thought it a real snake, while others believed it was the Satanic Majesty turned loose. On the following morning the brethren were up in arms searching for Mose Brown,

who had gone leaving many dry faces; gone like Jim Smith's cow and calf when he bowed his head to cogitate a thought and condense an idea, and raised it to find the cow and the calf had evaporated spontaneously, and left no trace resolvable. Several years had elapsed when Moses like the prodigal son, repented and was wending his way homeward—had been converted, and like "Uncle Gundy" with a letter from the church, when accused of acting disorderly replied; "I'll let you know sir I've got my ligan in black and white." So Moses with his religion in his pocket aimed to break the news gently to Bro. Jones, who was at that time engaged in another great revival in the wilderness. At night service Moses entered quietly beseeching himself in a remote corner. After some solemn hymns had ended Bro. Jones arose, and in the same impressive manner read; "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so shall" When Moses was standing erect and with tearful face and faltering voice exclaimed; "Bro. Jones, please don't raise that old snake tale no more, then related his wonderful experience, presented his letter, was that night received into full fellowship and ever afterward maintained that the snake was the providential means of his conversion.

Dabney was a very poor man most of the time, but it was said that he would sometimes yield to King Solomon's injunction when he wrote; "Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more," although we never heard that he violated a law of his country by carrying a little of this remedy to his invalid wife or sick child in a dry territory for Dabney was a lonely man. King Solomon may have done so as he was a married man and we presume had more or less (probably more) sickness in his family, but Solomon would be a back number now, not up to the present date as some twenty-nine hundred brief Summers have flown since he passed away, and perhaps was never permitted to behold the face of a good local optionist or a pious bootlegger. We believe Dabney died at Albany two or three years after this, and thus passed out one of the finest humorists this county has ever produced—something which many attempt but in which few succeed.

J. T. Jones, Montpelier, Ky.

Lawrence Rousseau, No. 2744, A. S. H. R., will make the present season at my barn, on the farm known as the Jordan Page farm, near Cane Valley and will serve makes for \$10, to insure a living colt, money due when colt is foaled or mare parted with. This is the greatest horse sired by old Red Bird for full description and pedigree, see bills.

W. C. Van Hoy.

21-2t

From this date the Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer and Adair County News will be \$1.35 per year.

The April Woman's Home Companion.

Kathleen Norris, who became famous as the author of "Mother," begins a new serial novel in the April woman's Home Companion. It is a love story laid in California. Other fiction is contributed by Mary Stewart Cutting, Carolyn Wells, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and Mary Hastings Bradley.

Among articles of note in the April Companion are the following: An autobiographical chapter by Howard Pyle, the great American artist; an account full of personal details of the life of Germany's present Crown Princess Cecilie, who is twenty-five years old and the mother of four children; "Making the Most of Moving Pictures," an account of the moving-picture business as an educational factor; "Getting Rid of the House Fly;" "Good Health a Business Asset," in which the author gives much practical advice, particularly to women who work in business; and an Easter talk by the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle in New York City.

The regular household, fashion and home decoration departments are filled with new, interesting facts and suggestion.

We can furnish you matting carpets and rugs at prices to suit your purse. Frank Sinclair.

Mrs. Sarah Turpen Dead.

Mrs. Sarah Turpen, who was the widow of the late John Turpen, died at the home of Mrs. Fanny Walker, this city, last Thursday morning. She was sixty-four years old and was sick but a short time, a victim of a rising in her head. If we are correctly informed, she was a native of Tennessee, but had lived in Columbia for many years. Her husband died about eight years ago. The remains were interred in the city cemetery Friday morning at 10 o'clock. Notwithstanding she lived here many years, she was personally known to but few people, as it was a rare occurrence to see her away from her home. She had been at Mrs. Walker's but a few weeks, going there when Mr. Forth and "Uncle" Solomon Turpen removed to the country.

Notice

Any one desiring hair braided call on Mrs. J. Z. Pickett. Columbia Ky.

Rev. W. F. Hogard, Presiding Elder of the Columbia District, has perfected an arrangement whereby Rev. S. K. Breeding will take charge of the Greensburg circuit. The minister who was in charge, Rev. Williams, had to give up the work on account of failing health. Rev. Breeding is a zealous, entertaining minister, born and reared in Adair county, a son of the pioneer Methodist preacher, Rev. James Breeding.

Death of a Well-Known Young Man.

Mr. W. Godfrey Hunter, who was a son of former Congressman W. G. Hunter, died in Washington, D. C. last week, a victim of rheumatism of the heart. He was born in Burkesville, his mother before her marriage, being Miss Sue Alexander, a sister of Mr. W. F. and Mr. Horace Alexander. The deceased was thirty-two years old, and he had seen much of the world. When quite a young man he often visited at this place, and he is remembered by a number of Columbians. His parents were with him when the end came. His remains were brought to Louisville and interred in Cave Hill. Besides his parents, he leaves one brother, Mr. W. A. Hunter, traveling salesman, who makes this place often.

Convention Next Saturday.

Next Saturday Republicans of Adair county will meet in the court-house, in Columbia, and will select delegates to attend the district convention which meets at Corbin on the 9th. At the Corbin convention delegates will be named to attend the State Convention which will meet in the city of Louisville for the purpose of selecting four delegates and four alternates from the State at large to attend the Chicago Convention. The meeting here next Saturday, promises to be very interesting. The county is claimed by both the Taft and the Roosevelt followers, and it all depends upon management in organizing the convention.

Mr. Harlan Shaw, of this place, has accepted a position with the Louisville Stove and Tinware Co., and he is now on the road. He was in the city last week, contracted with the firm, and was assigned Adair, Green, Taylor, Casey, Russell, Cumberland, and Metcalfe counties. Mr. Shaw is a trustworthy gentleman, has plenty of energy, and we believe he will make the company who has engaged him a good man.

Millinery Millinery.

I now have on display the nicest line of millinery I ever handled. Ladies every where cordially invited.

Mrs. R. W. Hurt, Gadsberry Ky.

Mr. J. B. Coffey, met with a painful accident last Wednesday. He was on the hunt of a box in which to plant seed. Stepping into Miller & Miller's store, he was told that he could probably find one to suit him in the basement. In descending, a step broke, precipitating him to the foot of the stairway, bruising his right thigh considerably.

We learn from one of the principals of the Lindsey-Wilson that this has been a very satisfactory year, and that there are more students in school now than in any year in the past, seven weeks before closing.